

IND

B E W A R E - TALES OF HORROR

No. 14 FEB.

10c

CHILLING

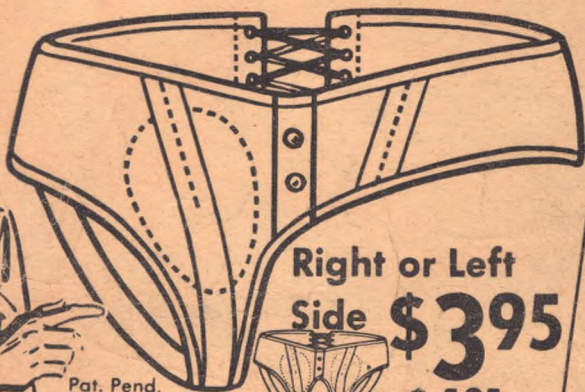
Tales



STRANGE TALE OF THE
SMELL OF DEATH

HERE IS IMMEDIATE COMFORT FOR YOU WITH RUPTURE-EASER

For Men! For Women! For Children!



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10 DAY TRIAL OFFER
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**DELAY MAY BE SERIOUS
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Piper Brace Co., Dept. CU13
811 Wyandotte, Kansas City 6, Mo.

NOW YOU CAN ...

**THROW AWAY THOSE
GOUGING, TORTURING
TRUSSES --- GET NEW
WONDERFUL RELIEF
WITH
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A strong, form-fitting washable support designed to give you relief and comfort. Snaps up in front. Adjustable back-lacing and adjustable leg straps. Soft flat groin pad—no steel or leather bands. Unexcelled for comfort, invisible under light clothing. Washable. Also used as after operation support. Sizes for men, women and children. Easy to Order—MAIL COUPON NOW! (Note: Be sure to give size and side when ordering.)

PIPER BRACE CO. 811 Wyandotte, Dept CU13 Kansas City 6, Mo.

Please send my RUPTURE-EASER by return mail.

Right Side ☐ \$3.95

Left Side ☐ \$3.95

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Measure around lowest part
of my abdomen is

.....INCHES.

We Prepay Postage Except on C.O.D.'s
Note: Be sure to give size and side when ordering

Enclosed is: ☐ Money Order ☐ Check for \$..... ☐ Send C. O. D.

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Address.....

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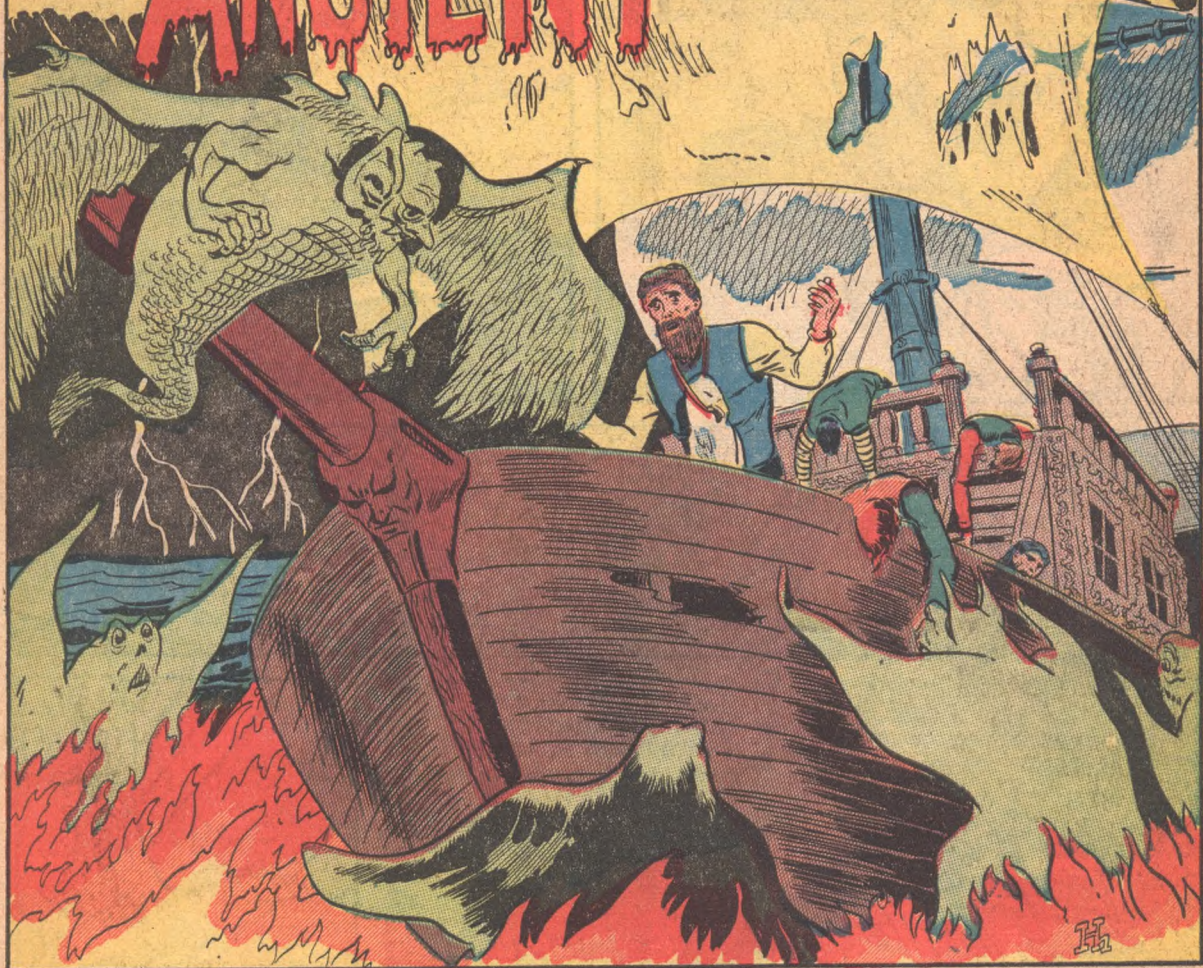
Mrs. L. M. C., Blackburn, Mo. writes: "The Rupture-Easer I bought from you has done so much good I couldn't forget you this Christmas season."

**THERE'S NO SUBSTITUTE
FOR PROVED PERFORMANCE
ORDER TODAY!**

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GUIDED BY THE DEAD, DRIVEN BY THE TERRIBLE DEMONS FROM THE NETHER WORLD, THE STRANGE SHIP
RUSHED THROUGH THE SLIMY SEA. ON THE DECK STOOD ONE MAN DOOMED TO LIVE FOREVER . . .

THE ANCIENT MARINER



AN ENGLISH SEAPORT TOWN A FEW MONTHS AGO,
AS A STRANGER STOPS ONE OF THE INHABITANTS
ON HIS WAY TO A WEDDING . . .



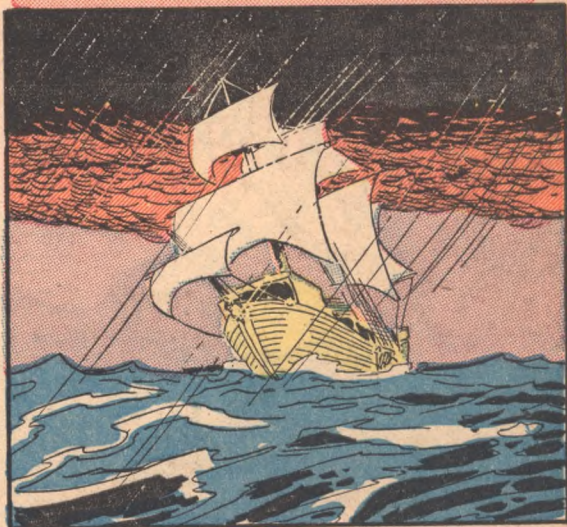
SUDDENLY, THE WEDDING GUEST FINDS HIMSELF UNABLE TO MOVE, HELD FAST BY THE OLD MAN'S GLITTERING EYE...

I CANNOT MOVE!
WHAT HAVE YOU
DONE TO ME?

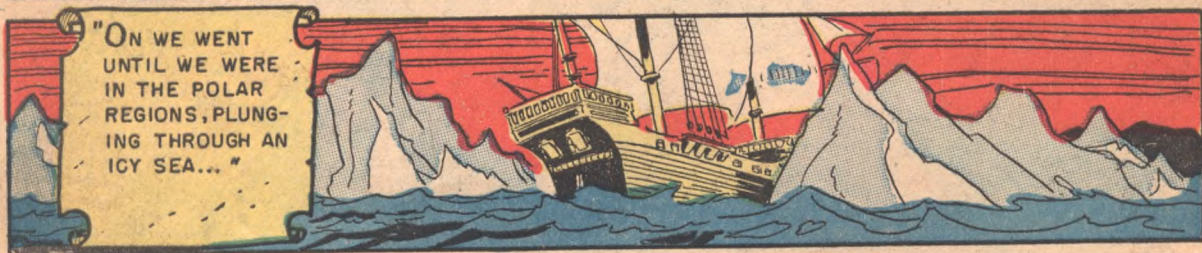
THEY CHEERED US AS WE
LEFT THE HARBOR. FOR
DAYS OUR COURSE WAS GOOD.



THEN THERE CAME A STORM THAT DROVE US BEFORE IT--SOUTHWARD, EVER SOUTHWARD...



"ON WE WENT
UNTIL WE WERE
IN THE POLAR
REGIONS, PLUNG-
ING THROUGH AN
ICY SEA..."



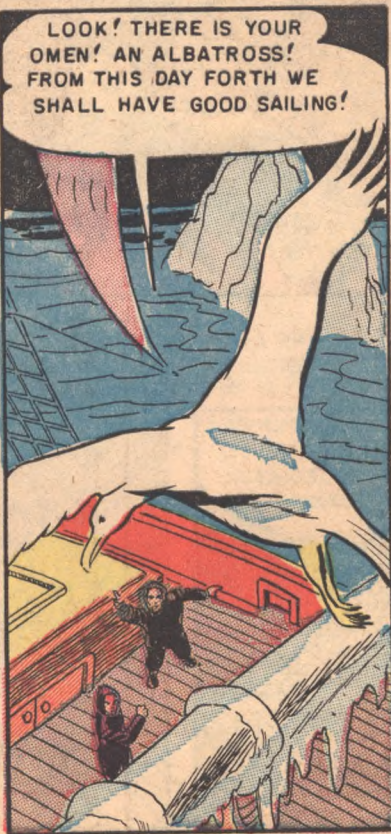
WE ABOARD SHIP FELT THAT EVERY MOMENT WOULD BE OUR LAST. THE ICE AROUND US CRACKED AND BOOMED, THREATENING TO CRUSH US..."

WE'LL
NEVER GET
OUT OF HERE
ALIVE

WHAT WE
NEED IS A
GOOD OMEN.



LOOK! THERE IS YOUR OMEN!
AN ALBATROSS!
FROM THIS DAY FORTH WE
SHALL HAVE GOOD SAILING!



IT WAS TRUE! THE ICE BROKE
AND WE WERE ABLE TO SAIL
TO WARMER WATERS...

"DAY AFTER DAY THE BIRD FOLLOWED THE VESSEL UNTIL IT NEARLY DROVE ME MAD. ONE AFTERNOON..."

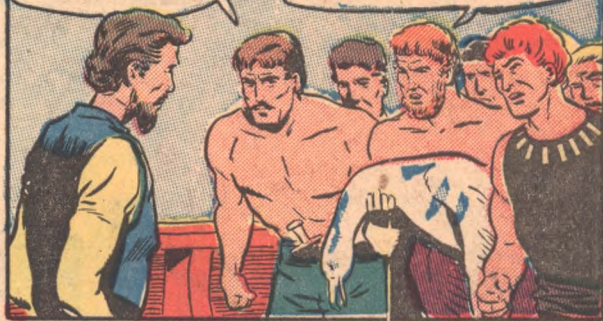


I'LL STOP YOUR SQUALLING, YOU FEATHERED HEN!

NO! NO! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

GOD SAVE YOU! THIS DEED WILL BRING A CURSE UPON US ALL!

AYE! LET HIM WHO KILLED IT PAY THE PENALTY. LET HIM WEAR THE SIGN OF HIS EVIL DEED.



THEY TIED THE BODY OF THE DEAD BIRD AROUND MY NECK... YOU SHALL WEAR THIS UNTIL WE REACH OUR DESTINATION.

AYE! AND DO YOU TAKE IT OFF YOUR LIFE SHALL BE FORFEIT.



"NOW A STRANGE WIND DROVE US INTO A STRANGE SEA AND WE WERE BECALMED...THE ALBATROSS WAS CLAIMING IT'S VENGEANCE..."



WATER! I MUST HAVE WATER!

WE LIE HERE LIKE A PAINTED SHIP ON A PAINTED OCEAN.

"SLIMY THINGS CRAWLED WITH LEGS UPON THE SLIMY SEA..."

TAKE THEM AWAY! I'M GOING MAD! MAD!





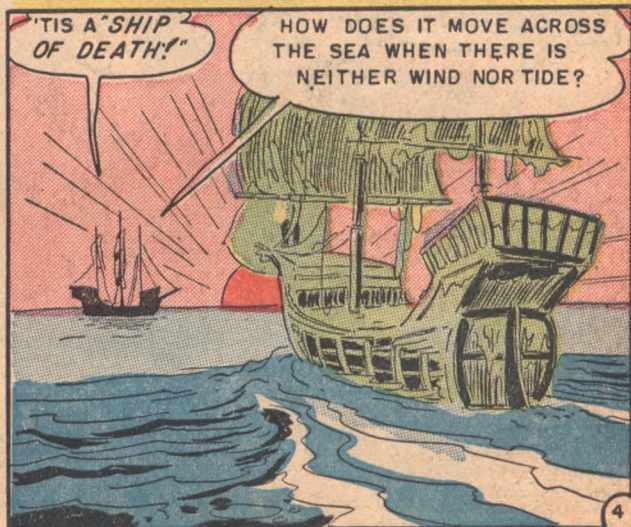
"AND FROM NINE FATHOMS BELOW CAME SPIRITS OF EVIL TRYING TO CLAIM OUR SOULS..."



"THEN, IN THE MORNING, AS WE LAY THERE WITH BLACKENED TONGUES AND PARCHED LIPS, THERE CAME WHAT SEEMED TO BE RELEASE..."



"AS THE SKELETON SHIP MOVED TOWARD US, A GROAN OF HORROR BURST FROM OUR PARCHED LIPS..."





THEN WE SAW THEM AND KNEW. IT WAS DEATH HIMSELF AND HIS FRIGHTFUL COMPANION, THE NIGHTMARE, LIFE-IN-DEATH.... THEY SPOKE..."



"BEFORE OUR EYES THEY ROLLED THE DICE FOR ME..."



"THEN, FROM HIS PLACE ON THE PROW DEATH GESTURED ONCE, AND ALL WERE DEAD BUT ME."



"SUDDENLY THE SUN DISAPPEARED AND THUNDER CRASHED AND LIGHTNING BLAZED... AND THE DEATH SHIP WAS GONE..."



"FROM ALL SIDES THE DEAD MEN STARED AT ME WITH ACCUSING EYES..."

LET ME DIE TOO! DO NOT LEAVE ME BEHIND!



"AS I STOOD THERE, THE BLESSED RAINS FELL AND I SLACKED MY BURNING THIRST..."

WATER! AT LAST, WATER! THANK YOU, GOD!... THE BIRD!... I AM FREE!



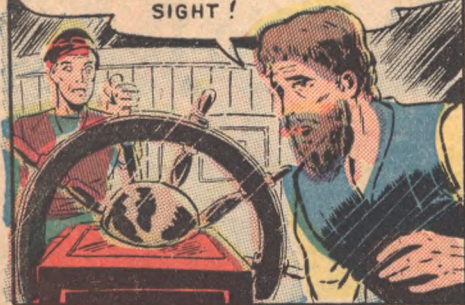
"THEN ALL ABOUT ME THE DEAD ROSE STIFF AND STARK..."

THEY ARE DEAD! IT CANNOT BE!



THE HELMSMAN STEERED WITH UNSEEING EYES, THE CREW WERE IN THEIR PLACES AS A BRISK WIND DROVE US FORWARD..."

THEY RAISE THEIR LIMBS LIKE LIFELESS TOOLS, YET THEY MOVE. LET ME NOT SEE THIS GHASTLY SIGHT!



"NOW FROM THE STORM-FILLED AIR SWEEPED DOWN TWO MONSTER DEMONS OF THE NETHER-WORLD!"



"I FAINTED IN TERROR, YET I HEARD THEM TALK..."

IS THIS THE MAN
WHO KILLED AN
ALBATROSS?

YEA! HE HAS DONE PENANCE
AND PENANCE HE WILL DO
FOREVERMORE!



COME, THE MARINER
STIRS! IT IS TIME
WE LEFT.

AYE, THE SHIP IS
NEAR PORT. AWAY



"THEN THEY WERE
GONE IN A BURST OF
WILD AND FIENDISH
LAUGHTER...."

YEAHAHAHAHA!

OH HA HA HA

CRASH

"I AWOKE AS THE WALKING DEAD AROUND ME
FELL TO THE DECK. THE SHIP WAS FLOATING
IN THE BAY..."

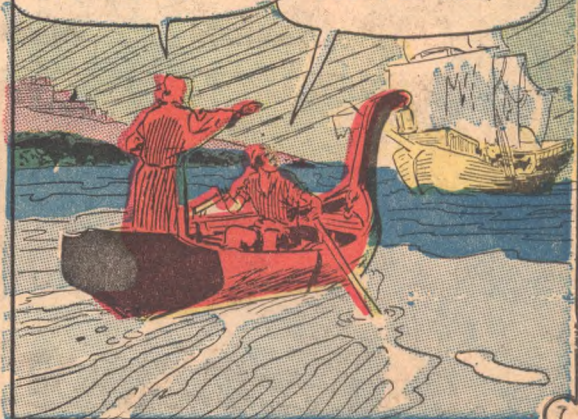
HOME! WE HAVE
COME HOME!



"FROM THE SHORE THE PILOT BOAT SPED OUT
TO GUIDE US IN..."

THAT'S A STRANGE
CRAFT. NO ONE CALLS
FROM HER SIDE. THEY
HAVEN'T ANSWERED
OUR SIGNAL.

LOOK AT HER THREAD-
BARE SAILS. AND HER
PLANKS ARE WARPED!
I DON'T LIKE THE
LOOKS OF HER!





HE WAS NEVER SEEN AGAIN IN THAT TOWN. BUT PERHAPS SOMEDAY YOU WILL BE STOPPED BY AN OLD MAN WITH A LONG GREY BEARD AND A GLITTERING EYE AND THEN YOU WILL HEAR FOR YOURSELF...THE STRANGE TALE OF THE ANCIENT MARINER."

-THE END-

THE SMELL OF DEATH

"YOU'RE WONDERING WHY I'M CROUCHING IN THIS FIELD OF THE DEAD, WHILE OUT THERE THEY SEEK ME WITH BUNS AND BAYING HOUNDS? IT IS BECAUSE I AM DIFFERENT THAN THEY... THEY DON'T LIKE DEATH; I DO! THIS GRAVEYARD IS LIKE HOME TO ME, FOR I AM DEATH'S BROTHER!"



I AM JOHN CARLTON. I WAS AN ONLY CHILD AND AS FAR BACK AS I CAN REMEMBER, I WAS ALWAYS DIFFERENT.



WHY DON'T YOU-
PLAY WITH THE
OTHERS, JOHN?

I DON'T
FEEL
LIKE IT!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND YOU SOME-
TIMES IT SEEMS TO ME THAT
YOU ARE BARELY ALIVE!

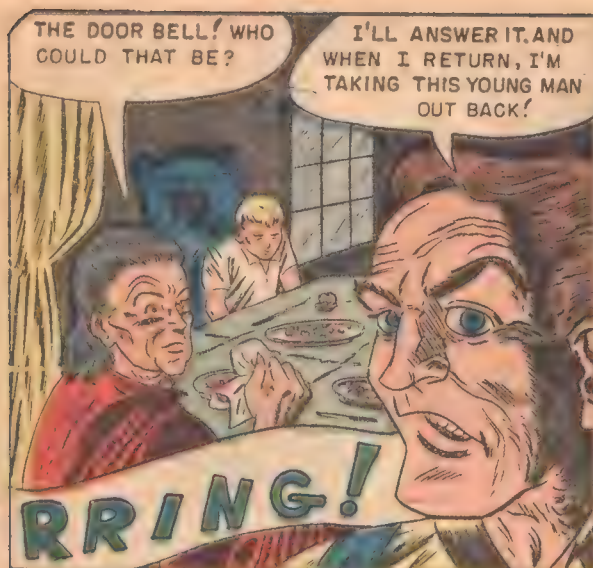


NOTHING INTERESTED ME.
NOBODY UNDERSTOOD WHY,
I DIDN'T, MYSELF...



WHAT'S WRONG, SON? DOESN'T
ANYTHING I MAKE PLEASE
YOU?

I'VE GOT THE
REMEDY OUT IN THE
WOODSHED!



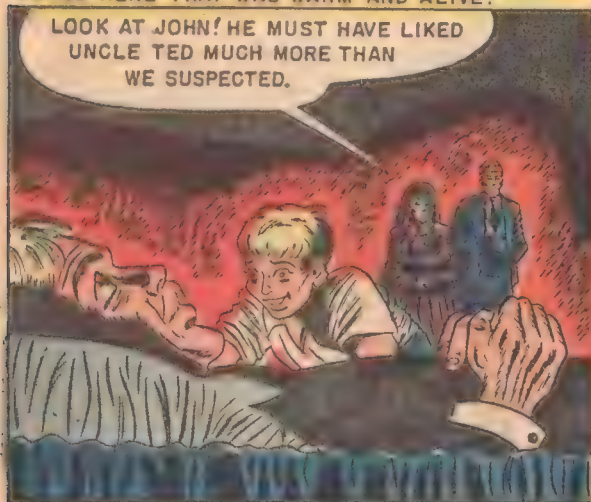
SINCE THERE WAS NO ONE TO LEAVE ME WITH, MY PARENTS TOOK ME TO THE FUNERAL...



YES, A STRANGE CHANGE HAD COME OVER ME, AS WE PASSED THROUGH THE DOOR WHERE DEATH HAD ENTERED. *I LIKE IT HERE!*



AS I STOOD BESIDE THE COFFIN I FELT SOMETHING HERE THAT WAS WARM AND ALIVE!



MAYBE I DID LIKE UNCLE TED MORE THAN THEY THOUGHT, BUT WHY HADN'T I KNOWN IT BEFORE? AND WHY DID I HATE TO LEAVE THE COFFIN?



BACK HOME...
FOR THE FIRST
TIME I COULD
REMEMBER I
WANTED TO
PLAY. I WAS
BURSTING WITH
ENERGY!



BUT AS THE MEMORY OF UNCLE TED'S COFFIN
FADED, SO DID MY EXHILARATION.



AS WE WALKED DOWN THE STREET, WE WERE
HALTED BEFORE A MORTUARY BY A CROWD OF
MOURNERS...



I PUSHED THROUGH THE CROWD
IMPATIENTLY...



WHEN WE ARRIVED
AT THE DOCTOR'S,
HE COULD FIND
NOTHING WRONG.
ALL MY ENERGY
HAD FLOWED BACK
INTO MY VEINS!



AS I GROW OLDER, I HAUNTED FUNERAL PROCESSIONS, LIVING FROM ONE TO THE NEXT. THEN I NOTICED MY PERIODS OF EXALTATION WERE BECOMING SHORTER! TO GET CLOSER TO THE CORTAGE, I BECAME A SORT OF PROFESSIONAL MOURNER...



I FLED IN PANIC...



I ENROLLED IN THE MORTICIAN'S SCHOOL. IT CAME TO ME AS THE PROMISE OF LIFE TO A DYING MAN...



I GRADUATED AN HONOR STUDENT AND WAS INSTANTLY PLACED! AND NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON!



THE SMELL OF DEATH BECAME AN EVER-DEMANDING DRUG! AND ONLY WHEN I SNEAKED BACK TO THE MORTUARY AT NIGHT DID I FIND PEACE.



THEN ONE MORNING...



WAR MEANT DEATH... I ENLISTED AT ONCE...



THE DAMAGE AND SLAUGHTER OF WAR HURT MY ELDER BROTHER! I WAS COMPELLED TO GET CLOSER TO IT!



AT THE FRONT, THE SIGHT OF TORN BODIES RAISED ME TO A FEVERISH EXCITEMENT I'VE NEVER KNOWN!



THEN... THE WAR WAS OVER? -- I TRIED MY OLD JOB AGAIN, BUT IT WAS FLAT! SO WHEN AN OPENING OCCURRED AT THE CITY MORGUE, I TOOK IT...



ONE DAY
A HORRIBLY
MUTILATED
BODY WAS
BRUGHT IN
AND LIFE
FOURED
WAS INTO
MY BODY...



FIFTEEN KNIFE
WOUNDS? THEY DON'T
HAPPEN OFTEN...

NO, FREDERICKS...
THEY DON'T
HAPPEN OFTEN...

NOT NEARLY OFTEN
ENOUGH FOR
ME...



THE GUY WHO DID THIS WAS A
THRILL-KILLER! BUT WE GOT
HIM. THERE WON'T BE ANYMORE
COMING IN LIKE THIS!

BUT YOU WERE
WRONG, DETECTIVE
FREDERICKS?
THERE WERE MANY
MORE BRUTAL
KNIFINGS. FOR
DEATH IS ALL
POWERFUL! IT
STRIKES AGAIN
AND AGAIN....



AGAIN AND
AGAIN,
AGAIN!



YOU WON'T HAVE TO BRING
THIS ONE TO ME, FREDERICKS?
I CAN... HAHA!... TAKE IT
WITH ME! I'LL CALL THE
WAGON.

FIVE
KILLINGS
IN A
WEEK!
HOW CAN
YOU JOKE
ABOUT IT, CARLTON?

YOU POOR FOOL! IF YOU ONLY KNEW WHAT
THOSE KILLINGS REALLY MEANT TO ME!



WOULD YOU
LIKE ANOTHER
CORPSE, DETECTIVE
FREDERICKS?
THERE'S ONE
IN NARSONE
PARK!
HAHAHA!

THAT VOICE...
I'VE HEARD IT
SOMEWHERE...

THAT CALL WAS
A MISTAKE. I
BECAME HAUNTED
BY THE FEAR OF
DISCOVERY! BUT
MEANWHILE THERE
WAS THAT DRIVING
NEED FOR DEATH.
I SUFFERED SOON
WALKING THE LONELY
STREETS, NOT CAR-
ING TO FIND ANOTHER
VICTIM...



THEN... A LONELY FIGURE CAME OUT OF A SIDEWAY... ENTERED A DARK DICKERWAY... THERE WAS NO ONE ELSE ON THE STREET...



THERE HE IS!! AFTER HIM!!



DO THEY THINK THEY CHASED ME HERE? THE FOOLS! I LED THEM TO THIS CEMETERY! HERE, I AM KING! I AM DEATH'S BROTHER... HIS ONLY... HA, HA, HA... LIVING RELATIVE... HA, HA, HA!



OVER THAT WAY MEN?
BEHIND THAT TOMBSTONE!



HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
ARRRRRGGGGHHHH!

LIKE I SAID... IT WAS NEGROPHILIA! HE HAD TO KILL... AND HERE AT LAST HE CLAIMED HIS LAST VICTIM... HIMSELF!



The Diary of a Madman

By Guy de Maupassant

HE WAS DEAD—the head of a high tribunal, the upright magistrate, whose irreproachable life was a proverb in all the courts of France. Advocates, young counselors, judges had saluted, bowing low in token of profound respect, remembering that grand face, pale and thin, illuminated by two bright, deep-set eyes.

He had passed his life in pursuing crime and in protecting the weak. Swindlers and murderers had no more redoubtable enemy, for he seemed to read in the recesses of their souls their most secret thoughts.

He was dead, now, at the age of eighty-two, honored by the homage of and followed by the regrets of a whole people. Soldiers in red breeches had escorted him to the tomb, and men in white cravats had shed on his grave tears that seemed to be real.

But listen to the strange paper found by the dismayed notary in the desk where the judge had kept filed the records of great criminals! It was entitled:

WHY?

Jan. 26. I have just left court. I have condemned Blonde to death! Now why did this man kill his five children? Frequently one meets with people to whom killing is a pleasure. Yes, yes, it should be a pleasure—the greatest of all, perhaps, for is not killing most like eating? To make and to destroy! These two words contain the history of the universe, the history of all worlds, all that is, all! Why is it not intoxicating to kill?

June 25. To think that there is a being who lives, who walks, who runs. A being? What is a being? An animated thing which bears in it the principle of motion, and a will ruling that principle. It clings to nothing, this thing. Its feet are independent of the ground. It is a grain of life that moves on the earth, and this grain of life, coming I know not whence, one can destroy at one's will. Then nothing—nothing more. It perishes; it is finished.

June 26. Why, then, is it a crime to kill? Yes, why? On the contrary, it is a law of nature. Every being has the mission to kill; he kills to live, and he lives to kill. The beast kills without ceasing, all day, every instant of its existence. Man kills without ceasing, to

sourish himself; but since in addition he needs to kill for pleasure, he has invented the chase! The child kills the insects he finds, the little birds, all the little animals that come in his way. But this does not suffice for the irresistible need for massacre that is in us. It is not enough to kill beasts; we must kill man too. Long ago this need was satisfied by human sacrifice. Now, the necessity of living in society has made murder a crime. We condemn and punish the assassin! But as we cannot live without yielding to this natural and imperious instinct of death, we relieve ourselves, from time to time, by wars. Then a whole nation slaughters another nation. It is a feast of blood, a feast that maddens armies and intoxicates the civilians, women and children, who read the feverish story of massacre.

And do we despise those picked out to accomplish these butcheries of men? No, they are loaded with honors. They are clad in gold and in resplendent stuffs; they wear plumes on their heads and ornaments on their breasts; and they are given rewards and titles of every kind. They are respected, loved by women, cheered by the crowd, solely because their mission is to shed human blood! They drag through the streets their instruments of death, and the passer-by, clad in black, looks on with envy. For to kill is the great law put by nature in the heart of existence! There is nothing more beautiful and honorable than killing!

June 30. To kill is the law, because nature loves eternal youth. She seems to cry in all her unconscious acts: "Quick! Quick! Quick!" The more she destroys, the more she renews herself.

July 3. It must be a pleasure, unique and and full of zest, to kill to place before you a living, thinking being; to make therein a little hole, and to see that red liquid flow which is the blood, which is the life; and then to have before you only a heap of limp flesh, cold, void of thought!

August 5. I, who have passed my life in judgement, condemning, killing by words pronounced, killing by the guillotine those who had killed by the knife, if I should do as all the assassins whom I have smitten have done, I, I—who would know it?

August 10. Who would ever know? Who would ever suspect me, especially if I should

choose a being I had no interest in doing away with?

August 22. I could resist no longer. I have killed a little creature as an experiment, as a beginning. Jean, my servant, had a goldfinch in a cage hung in the office window. I sent him on an errand, and I took the little bird in my hand, in my hand where I felt its heart beat. It was warm. I went up to my room. From time to time I squeezed it tighter; its heart beat faster; it was atrocious and delicious. I was nearly choking it, but I could not see blood.

Then I took scissors, short nail scissors, and I cut its throat in three strokes, quite gently. It opened its bill, it struggled to escape me, but I held it! Oh! I held it—I could have held a mad dog—and I saw the blood trickle.

And then I did as assassins do—real ones. I washed the scissors and washed my hands. I sprinkled water, and took the body—the corpse—to the garden to hide it. I buried it under a strawberry plant. It will never be found. Every day I can eat a strawberry from that plant. How one can enjoy life, when one knows how!

My servant cried; he thought his bird had flown. How could he suspect me? Ah!

August 25. I must kill a man! I must!

August 30. It is done. But what a little thing! I had gone for a walk in the forest of Vernes. I was thinking of nothing, literally nothing. See! A child on the road, a little child eating a slice of bread and butter. He stops to see me pass and says, "Good day, your honor."

And the thought enters my head: "Shall I kill him?"

I answer: "You are alone, my boy?"

"Yes, sir."

"All alone in the woods?"

"Yes, sir."

The wish to kill him intoxicated me like wine. I approached him quite softly, persuaded that he was going to run away. And suddenly I seized him by the throat. He held my wrists in his little hands, and his body writhed like a feather on the fire. Then he moved no more. I threw the body in the ditch, then some weeds on top of it. I returned home and dined well. What a little thing it was! In the evening I was very gay, light, rejuvenated, and visited the Prefect. They found me witty. But I have not seen blood! I am not tranquil.

August 31. The body has been discovered. They are hunting for the assassin. Ah!

September 1. Two tramps have been arrested. Proofs are lacking.

September 2. The parents have been to see me. They wept! Ah!

October 6. Nothing has been discovered. Some strolling vagabond must have done the deed. Ah! If I had seen the blood flow it seems to me I should be tranquil now!

October 10. Yet another. I was walking by the river, after breakfast. And I saw, under a willow, a fisherman asleep. It was noon. A spade, as if it were put there expressly for me, was standing in a potatoe field nearby.

I took it. I returned; I raised it like a club, and with one blow of the edge I cleft the fisherman's head. Oh! He bled this one!—Rose-colored blood! It flowed into the water quite gently. And I went away with a grave step. If I had been seen. Ah! I should have made an excellent assassin.

October 25. The affair of the fisherman makes a great noise. His nephew, who fished with him, is charged with the murder.

October 26. The examining magistrate affirms that the nephew is guilty. Everybody in town believes it. Ah! Ah!

October 27. The nephew defends himself badly. He had gone to the village to buy bread and cheese, he declares. He swears that his uncle was killed in his absence! Who would believe him?

October 28. The nephew has all but confessed, so much have they made him lose his head! Ah! Justice!

November 15. There are overwhelming proofs against the nephew, who was his uncle's heir. I shall preside at the sessions.

January 25. To death! To death! To death! I have had him condemned to death! The advocate-general spoke like an angel! Ah! Yet another! I shall go to see him executed!

March 10. It is done. They guillotined him this morning. He died very well! Very well! That gave me pleasure! How fine it is to see a man's head cut off!

Now I shall wait, I can wait. It would take such a little thing to let myself be caught.

The manuscript contained more pages, but told of no new crimes.

Alienist physicians to whom the awful story has been submitted declare that there are, in the world many unknown madmen, as adroit and as terrible as this monstrous lunatic.

"DON'T WEAR THAT SUIT"

THE MUSTY DARKNESS OF THE TOMB
ASSAILED HIS NOSTRILS WITH ITS ACID
FUMES OF DEATH!! FEAR WRACKED HIS
BODY WITH CHILL... TERROR TORMENTED
HIM WITH ITS VOICE OF WARNING... AN
INNER VOICE THAT CRIED: "YOU'LL SUR-
VIVE -- IF YOU DON'T WEAR THAT SUIT!!"

NO! NO! TAKE
IT AWAY!



STRANGE HOW
ADVENTURE
SOMETIMES
TOUCHES THE
LIFE OF THE
ORDINARY
MORTAL!
TAKE EDWARD
MORLEY FOR
INSTANCE.

JUST A MIDDLE-AGED CREATURE,
QUIFE FURRY ABOUT BEING EXACT
AND PUNCTUAL...

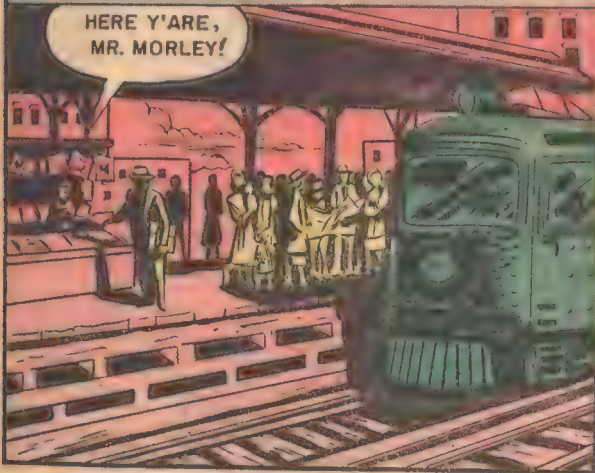
"NIGHT, MISS
LEE!"

BET IT'S EXACTLY
5:10! OLD MORLEY
DOESN'T HATE HIS
SCHEDULE!



EDWARD MORLEY THOUGHT THIS NIGHT WAS GOING TO BE THE SAME AS ALWAYS! HE ARRIVED AT THE STATION JUST IN TIME TO BUY HIS PAPER...

HERE Y'ARE, MR. MORLEY!



... AND TAKE HIS SEAT IN THE SMOKING CAR OF THE 5:17!

AHHH! AS USUAL, FORTY-SEVEN SECONDS TO SPARE!



NOW FOR MY CIGAR AND PAPER...



MORLEY SUDDENLY BECAME AWARE OF A STRANGER IN THE OPPOSITE SEAT! A PALE, GHOSTLY-FACED MAN WITH BURNING, HYPNOTIC EYES!



A QUEER SENSATION SURGED THROUGH MORLEY...

W-WHY DOES HE K-KEEP STARING AT... AT ME??!



AND... AND THAT BAG! ODD... THAT IT SHOULD BE EXACTLY LIKE... MINE!



THE TRAIN ROARED THROUGH THE SUBURBAN TOWNS... WHILE MORLEY TRIED TO CONCENTRATE ON HIS PAPER...



WHY DOESN'T HE AT LEAST SAY SOMETHING? IT... IT'S WEIRD! RIDICULOUS!

...I TRIED NOT TO FEEL THAT SUPA-ING SAZE BOMBING THROUGH HIS PAPER...



THEN... LATER...

W-WHAT THE--? IT FELT LIKE A BUMP!



THE TRAIN IS... IT'S STANDING STILL! AND... AND THE CAR IS EMPTY!



I.E. MUST'VE DOZED OFF! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!



WHY... IT'S MY HOME STATION! DARK... DESERTED!



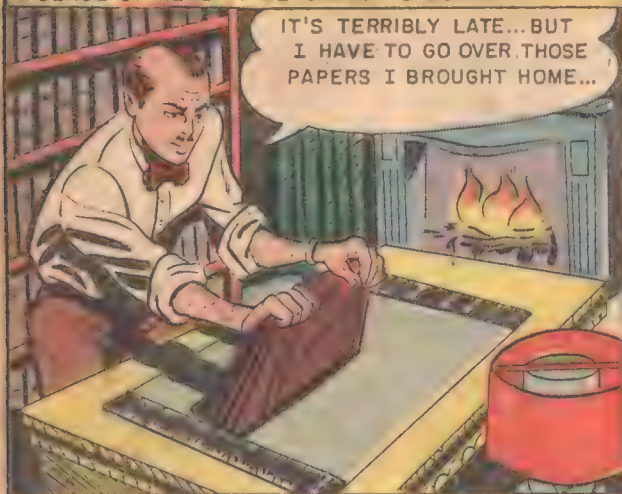
WITH A SENSE OF RELIEF, YET AS IF IN A FOG, MORLEY FOUND HIS CAR... HEADED FOR HOME...

...I CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT! IT'S LIKE A DREAM!



AFTER A SOLITARY MEAL IN HIS BACHELOR QUARTERS,
A SENSE OF REALITY RETURNED TO MORLEY...

IT'S TERRIBLY LATE... BUT
I HAVE TO GO OVER THOSE
PAPERS I BROUGHT HOME...



WHAT IN THE WORLD!
THIS...THIS
ISN'T MINE!



JUST... JUST THAT
AWFUL BLACK SUIT!
THE BAG IS EMPTY!



THE SUIT...THE STRANGER
ON THE TRAIN! HE MUST
HAVE PICKED UP MY BAG
BY MISTAKE!



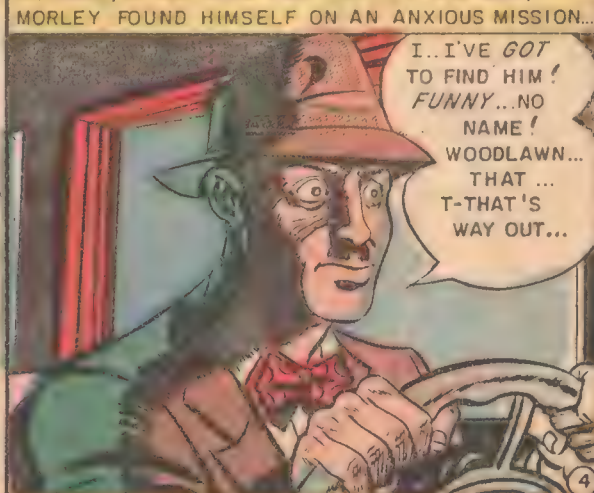
EDWARD MORLEY TORE THROUGH THE BAG AND
SUIT AGAIN, SEARCHING FOR SOME CLUE... THEN...

JUST THIS CARD ...
NOTHING MORE! AND
IT ONLY SAYS:
400 WOODLAWN...



A PEACEFUL, ROUTINE-RIDDEN LIFE-- SUDDENLY
ALTERED! AT AN HOUR THAT CALLED FOR BED,
MORLEY FOUND HIMSELF ON AN ANXIOUS MISSION...

I...I'VE GOT
TO FIND HIM!
FUNNY...NO
NAME!
WOODLAWN...
THAT ...
T-THAT'S
WAY OUT...



APPREHENSION GREW AS HE DROVE DOWN WOODLAWN ROAD! THE LONELY REACHED STRUCK AT HIS MARROW WITH ICY FINGERS! AND THEN...



HIS EYES STARED IN DISBELIEF...



THE THIN, GHOSTLY VOICE TURNED MORLEY'S BONES TO JELLY! YET, HE COULDN'T RUN AWAY! A WEIRD, COMPELLING FORCE PULLED HIM TOWARD THE GATE!

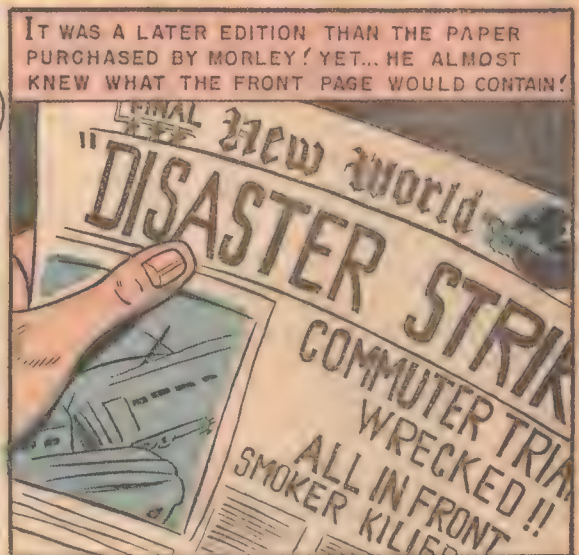
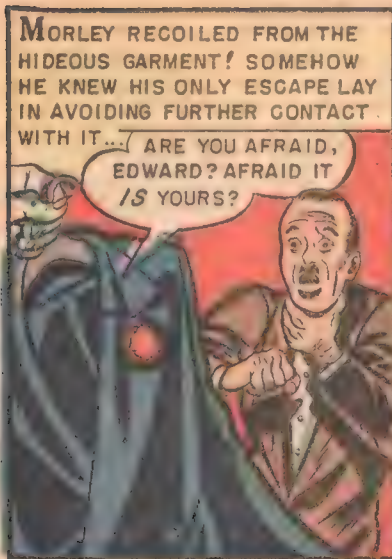


AS IF A PUPPET, MORLEY FOLLOWED THE BIDDING OF GHOSTLY UNREAL WIRES! NUMBNESS GRIPPED HIS BODY AS HE ENTERED THE BRIM-SHROUDED TOMB...



A MILLION CRAZY QUESTIONS WHIRLED IN THE FEVER-MAGNETED BRAIN OF MORLEY.





HE WAS OF THEIR OWN FLESH AND BLOOD...YET THEY THREW HIM INTO THE SQUIRMING, SLITHERING MASS OF DEADLY SERPENTS THAT LAY WRITHING AT THE BOTTOM OF THAT CAULDRON OF HORROR...

The SNAKE PIT



A WILD NIGHT ON WIND-SWEPT MOUNT TALON, DEEP IN THE HEART OF NORTH CAROLINA, AS THREE STRANGE FIGURES TOIL UP ITS STEEP SLOPES...



I CAN GO NO FURTHER.

WE MUST. IT IS ONLY A LITTLE WAY FURTHER UP THE MOUNTAIN.





HIGH UP ON THE BARREN SLOPE THE WEIRD TRIO REACH A ROCKY CLEARING...



AT LAST THEY COME TO A HALT ON THE BRINK OF A SHADOWY PIT...



WE MUST NOT FALTER. WE MUST DO WHAT WE CAME TO DO!

BUT HE IS OUR SON -- OUR OWN FLESH AND BLOOD!



SILENCING THE WOMAN, THE OLD MAN MOTIONS AND THEY GRIMLY MOVE TO THEIR TASK. AN INSTANT LATER....



THE YOUNG MAN FALLS HEADLONG INTO A PIT OF WRITHING SNAKES...

IT IS
DONE!

LET US PRAY THE
GREAT BOOK BE
RIGHT!

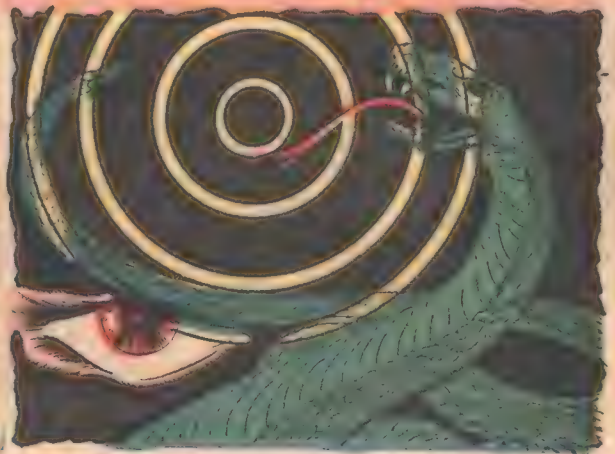
AAAGGHHH!



UNHHHH!



AS THE POISON SEEPS THROUGH THE YOUNG
MAN'S SYSTEM, HIS MIND SPINS IN MAD CONFUSION...



IN A LAST MAD EFFORT TO ESCAPE THE DEADLY
FANGS, THE YOUNG MAN CRAWLS TO THE CENTER
OF THE PIT...

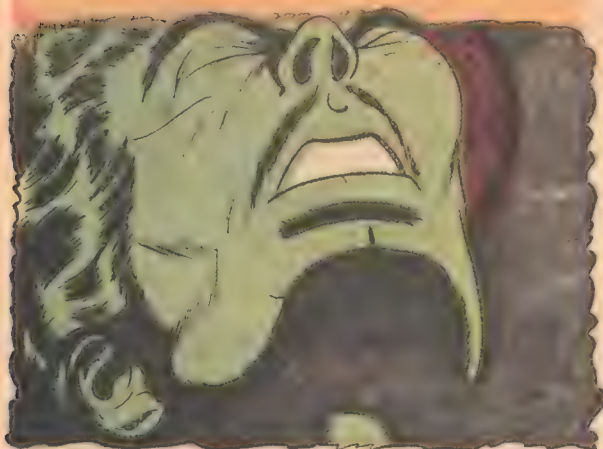


AND FALLS INTO A BOTTOMLESS ABYSS...



YEEEEEEEEEE!

AT BOTTOM, HE LIES UNCONSCIOUS IN AN
PASSAGE LIT BY A STRANGE GREEN



WHEN CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS, HE SLOWLY
STAGGERS TO HIS FEET.

I AM DEAD... I AM DEAD... I AM
LOST IN THE NETHER WORLD!



STUMBLING FORWARD, HE FOLLOWS THE STRANGE PASSAGE TO FIND HIMSELF IN A VAST AND
EERIE CAVERN FILLED WITH CREATURES NOT OF THIS WORLD...



WHERE AM I? IS THIS SATAN'S
DOMAIN?...OR AM I LIVING A
NIGHTMARE?



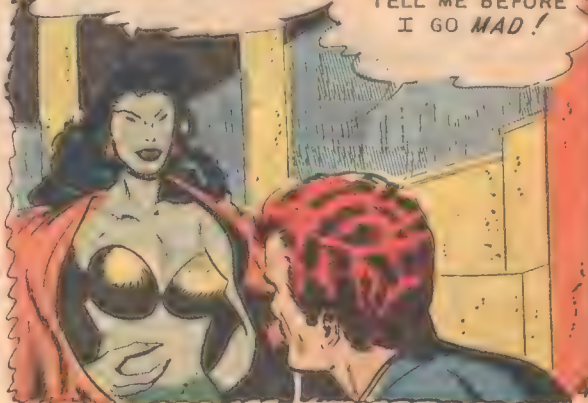
A STRANGER IN OUR
MIDST! SEIZE HIM AND
BRING HIM TO ME.

UGH! LET ME
GO!



IT IS A CREATURE OF
THE UPPER WORLD. NONE
SUCH HAVE VISITED US
THESE THOUSAND YEARS!

WHO ARE YOU?
FROM WHAT HOR-
RIBLE NIGHTMARE
DO YOU COME?
TELL ME BEFORE
I GO MAD!



YOU ARE IN THE LAND OF
THE SNAKE PEOPLE.
ALL MORTALS WHO COME
HERE MUST DIE!

AM I
NOT DEAD
ALREADY?

NO! IF YOU WOULD RETURN TO
YOUR PEOPLE, THERE IS
BUT ONE CHANGE,
NEED WHAT
I SAY.

WHAT IS
THIS CHANGE?

THIS IS THE HOME OF ALL
EVIL... CARRY IT TO THE
UPPER WORLD AND YOU
MAY LIVE... IN GREAT
WEALTH. ALL POWER
CAN BE YOURS.

BUT WHY WOULD
YOU HAVE ME
BRING EVIL TO
THE EARTH?

SO THAT WE SNAKE PEOPLE MAY
ONCE AGAIN REGAIN THE POWER
WE LOST WHEN EVE STOLE THE
APPLE FROM THE TREE OF
LIFE IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN!

AND IF I
REFUSE?

THEN THE ALES OF DEATH
IS YOURS. DECIDE...
NOW!

NEVER! I WOULD
RATHER DIE!

THEN DIE...

NO! MFFF!

SUDDENLY THERE IS A RESOUNDING ROAR AS THE WALLS CRASH IN ON THE EERIE MONSTERS AND THE YOUNG MAN STILL IN THE EMBRACE OF THE SNAKE WOMAN...



THEN THE MIST CLEARS AND...



NO! NEVER!
NO!

HE LIVES!
HE LIVES!

THANK
GOD!



FATHER! MOTHER!
WHAT HAPPENED?
HOW DID I GET
HERE?

HE RECOGNIZED
US! HIS SANITY
HAS RETURNED!

THE BOOK
WAS RIGHT!
THE ANCIENT
REMEDY HAS
RESTORED HIS
MIND. THE SNAKE
VENOM WORKED!



I DON'T
UNDER-
STAND.

SON, YOU HAVE
BEEN OUT OF
YOUR MIND EVER
SINCE THE WAR. DOCT-
ORS HAVE TRIED WITH-
OUT SUCCESS...

THEN YOUR
FATHER FOUND
THIS ANCIENT
BOOK OF REMEDIES.
IT SAID THAT
SNAKE VENOM
OFTEN CURED MAD-
NESS! WE FOLLOWED
THE INSTRUCTIONS,
AND IT WORKED!



IT TOOK US MONTHS
TO BRING OURSELVES
TO DO IT, BUT AT LAST
WE DID. THE SNAKE
VENOM WORKED AS
A SHOCK TREATMENT!

I AM GLAD TO BE
BACK BUT THE THINGS
I BELIEVED I SAW WILL
REMAIN WITH ME TO MY
DYING DAY! I SHALL
ALWAYS WONDER, WAS
IT MADNESS OR A
GLIMPSE OF WHAT
HUMANS WERE NEVER
MEANT TO SEE!

THE END

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★ STAR FEATURES ★

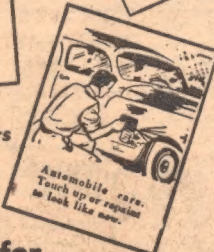
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- ★ Sprays evenly
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- ★ Fully adjustable

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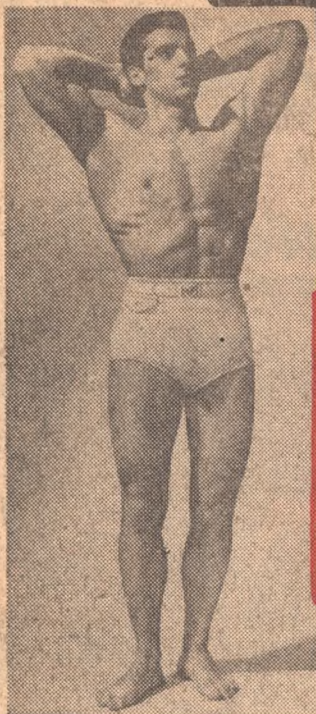
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